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JAPAN IN PICTURES

A GARDEN OF IRISES

JAPAN IN PICTURES

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN

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CHAPTER I

ITS WATER LIFE

To rest in one inspiring scene of foreign travel and analyse your impressions of another is a banquet of the senses. I sit on the Palatine looking over the Forum and the Senate-House, at Nero's tower and the Seven Hills of Rome as I recall the features of Japan. The word Japan very appropriately means the Land of the Rising Sun. The sun of Asia has risen there from the mists of many centuries even if it be destined to set in a storm of blood.

But few Japanese are aware that they live in Japan, a corruption of Marco Polo's mis-spelling of two Chinese words. They call their country Dai Nippon, Great Nippon. They put the "great" before it a few years ago, when they became imbued with the faith that they were destined to be the Great Britain of the Pacific.

The forty-four millions of inhabitants are very unevenly distributed between the thousand islands of Japan; the bulk of them are concentrated in the great plains of the main island round the Gulf of Tokyo and the Inland Sea. The rest of the kingdom consists largely of barren mountains, and the great northern island of Yesso has almost Siberian conditions. As Japan has so moderate a cultivable area she cannot even grow sufficient rice for her wants. Rice is a delicacy for the rich dwellers in cities. The country poor depend on millet and beans. But all Japanese supplement their diet to an extraordinary extent with the products of the sea. There is hardly anything masticable which comes out of salt water that they will not eat. Sea-weeds are sea-vegetables to them, and any shell-fish is an oyster. This has made them a nation of sailors. Their navy has the best raw material to draw on, and they are regular water-babies about rivers and lakes.

It must not be imagined that because they are a first-class power with battleships and cruisers and torpedo-destroyers that they have given up junks. Tokyo and Osaka have forests of junks in their ports, and the seas round Japan are dotted with their strange and beautiful sails. A junk has on each mast a sail set square like a brig, but much longer, and loosely sheeted, in fact exactly like the pictures we have of the sails of the ancient Greeks. But the Japanese has as usual contrived to stamp his individuality upon them, for he makes long slits in his sails to let the wind through, and decorates them with black perpendicular stripes of uneven length. The junk itself is made of yellow wood

without paint or tar, and is quite like an ancient trireme without its oars. They are said to be bad sailors, but safe. For boat-use there are sampans, ridiculous affairs like German women's slippers, with turned-up toes.

For inland waters they have a kind of rickety house-boat and punts like our Thames punts, but longer and at least three times the depth, which can take two or three rikshas on board comfortably, as they are often required to. These punts are wonderfully good boats as you find out when you shoot the dangerous rapids of the Katsuragawa, below Kyoto, in one. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught shot these rapids, and performed the whole voyage of thirteen miles in an hour, which shows the terrific force of the stream. The water is seldom deep, but the passage is very narrow, and the boatmen show astonishing quickness and courage in fending boats off the rocks as they are hurled down the cataracts. The boats have very supple bottoms which give when they strike a rock unless it is as sharp as a knife. You feel the bottom moving up and down under you the whole way. Wrecks are not infrequent, but no European has ever lost his life in one. The Duke was divided in his mind as to whether shooting the rapids at Kyoto or having one of the natural hot baths at Miyanoshita was the best fun in Japan. The Duchess preferred bargaining with curio-dealers in which she showed great sagacity.

Nagasaki Harbour which furnishes one of the illustrations is among the most beautiful in Japan. It is as narrow and winding as Boscastle Harbour, and runs between lofty green hills each studded with bungalows except one, which is devoted to the famous City of the Dead, the largest Campo Santo in the world, a venerable cemetery which contains more dead than there are living people in Nagasaki, a picturesque mosaic of little stairways and terraces of hoary stone and solemn Buddhas and glorious ferns. At the entrance to Nagasaki Harbour stands the beehive-shaped island of Pappenberg or Takaboko, where, legend has it, that forty-six thousand Christians, after suffering nameless tortures for refusing to trample on the Cross, were hurled into the sea. At Nagasaki the Dutch had the first European settlement in Japan. At Nagasaki ships are coaled by old women who carry the coals in small fish-creels, and here in August is the most beautiful Bon Matsuri, or Fast of the Dead, in all Japan. At the end of the third night the spirits of the dead are embarked on little straw-ships which are provisioned and set on fire and sent floating down the harbour. It is here that Pierre Loti laid the scene of his inimitable romance of Japan, "Madame Chrysantheme." The other illustrations of Nagasaki show one of the curious slipper sampans and the exquisite Buddha bridge of a single arc like a rainbow. The other sea illustrations represent the wooded point of Tomioka with a delightful little tea-house on it which is a favourite sea-side resort for picnics from Yokohama, on account of its beautiful sands, and is a good place to see almost naked Japanese drawing a seine. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than Tomioka at a summer sunset. The most remarkable feature about the island of Enoshima is the cave-temple of Benten, the Japanese Venus. Few tourists ever get so far, for, if they get past the tea-houses on the isthmus which have on their walls specimens of the gigantic crabs fifteen feet from tip to tip which are the natural history feature of Enoshima, they abandon themselves to the æsthetic pleasure of this magic isle of sunny glades and solemn groves with every salient point crowned by a temple or some other

exquisite piece of hoary building. The two great high-roads of Japan which were the main arteries before the days of railways and correspond to our coaching roads, are the Tokaido and the Nakasendo. One picture shows rikshas crossing a bridge of boats on the Nakasendo. Another represents the famous "Bridge of the Damask Girdle," or "Serpent Bridge" at Iwakuni. Each of its rainbow arches has a span of nearly a hundred feet. Nara whose five-storey pagoda is given in another picture is a day's riksha drive from Kyoto and the trip is one of the most delightful in Japan, for Nara was once the capital, and here for more than a thousand years the Mikados have kept the treasures of the Imperial collection which are hardly ever shown to strangers. But there is much else to see at Nara, which has some of the most famous and ancient temples in the country and the largest of the Dai-Butsus, or gigantic images of Buddha in which the Japanese delight. It is about sixty feet high and its coarse niggerish head makes it quite unworthy to be compared with the exquisite gigantic Buddha of Kamakura.

The temples of Nara go back for many hundreds of years, but the irreverent foreigner is generally more struck by the deer park belonging to the Kasuga Temple with its avenues of votive lanterns under the tall cryptomeria-trees and its acres and acres of wild scarlet azaleas. Perhaps there is nothing which tickles the foreigner so much at Nara as the man who makes a living by hiring chairs to the Europeans who are staying in the hotel, which has none of its own. Between Nara and Kyoto there is a succession of interesting places and splendid temples. At Uji, for example, on the banks of the swift-flowing river, the best tea-gardens of Japan, whose tea is one of the most costly known to commerce, cover the battlefield where Yorimasa with three hundred warriors withstood the attack of twenty thousand of the Taira clan in 1180 while his prince was escaping, and then committed hara-kiri while his remaining followers kept the enemy at bay. Close by is the Phœnix Temple of Boidoin built in 1052 in the shape of a phœnix, and one of the most ancient wooden buildings in Japan. All round Kyoto is one of the best places to see the little coolie women in their pale blue sun-bonnets working in the tea-gardens. One of the best Chinese gardens in Japan is that of the Mangwanji Monastery at Nikko where variegated maples are the special feature of the vegetation amid the willow-pattern plate buildings characteristic of these artificial gardens. Miyanoshita is the Brighton and the Haselmere of Japan, the former as being the favourite week-end place with residents, the latter from its situation on the foot-hills, a few hours from the capital. It stands at the head of an exquisite gorge with a clear brown mountain river flowing over mossy boulders in its bottom shown in the picture of the village of Tonosawa below Miyanoshita, whose roofs of ancient thatch stand out against the wooded sides of the gorge. In spring the blossoming woods of the gorge of Miyanoshita are incomparable. It is one blaze of flower. Down that gorge Miyanoshita looks back at the sea. Above it towers the volcanic mountain called Oji-Goku (Big Hell), from whose bowels boiling water is carried a mile through bamboo pipes to the baths of the Fujiya Hotel, which so impressed the Duke of Connaught. When you reach the top of Oji-Goku, a vision breaks upon your eyes whose loveliness is unmatched in all the kingdom of nature, the headless pyramid of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of the Japanese, mantled half-way down with pure white snow and in that pure atmosphere

always reflected in the surrounding waters. The kago or palanquin shown in the picture of Yumoto on the way to Miyanoshita is much used by the natives for excursions in these mountains. The last two pictures of this part are both on the broad shallow Sumidagawa, the river of Tokyo, and represent one of them the cherry-blossom walks of Mukojima for which the river is famous and the other the garden of the Kameido Temple, near the river, which has in its way has no equal. Kameido signifies the Tortoise. Well, and its lake is full of these reptiles. But nobody thinks about them, for it is here that you half loop the circle in climbing over the Horse-shoe Bridge which is a perfect semi-circle and the wistaria bower of Kameido is the oldest and most luxuriant in the kingdom. Its pale purple racemes of lusciously scented blossom sweep the waters with trails four feet or more in length. For its arbour, like so many of the tea-houses of Japan, is built over the lake. At Kyoto tea-houses are built right in the bed of the river, and the Biwa and Hakone Lakes are almost fenced with them. The Japanese maiden delights in angling with a stick and a crooked pin sort of tackle for the artless tai-fish, and tai-fishing is the ostensible delight of the foolish Japanese water-picnic to which the native only asks his nearest relations and takes them for a long and dozy day in a rickety house-boat.

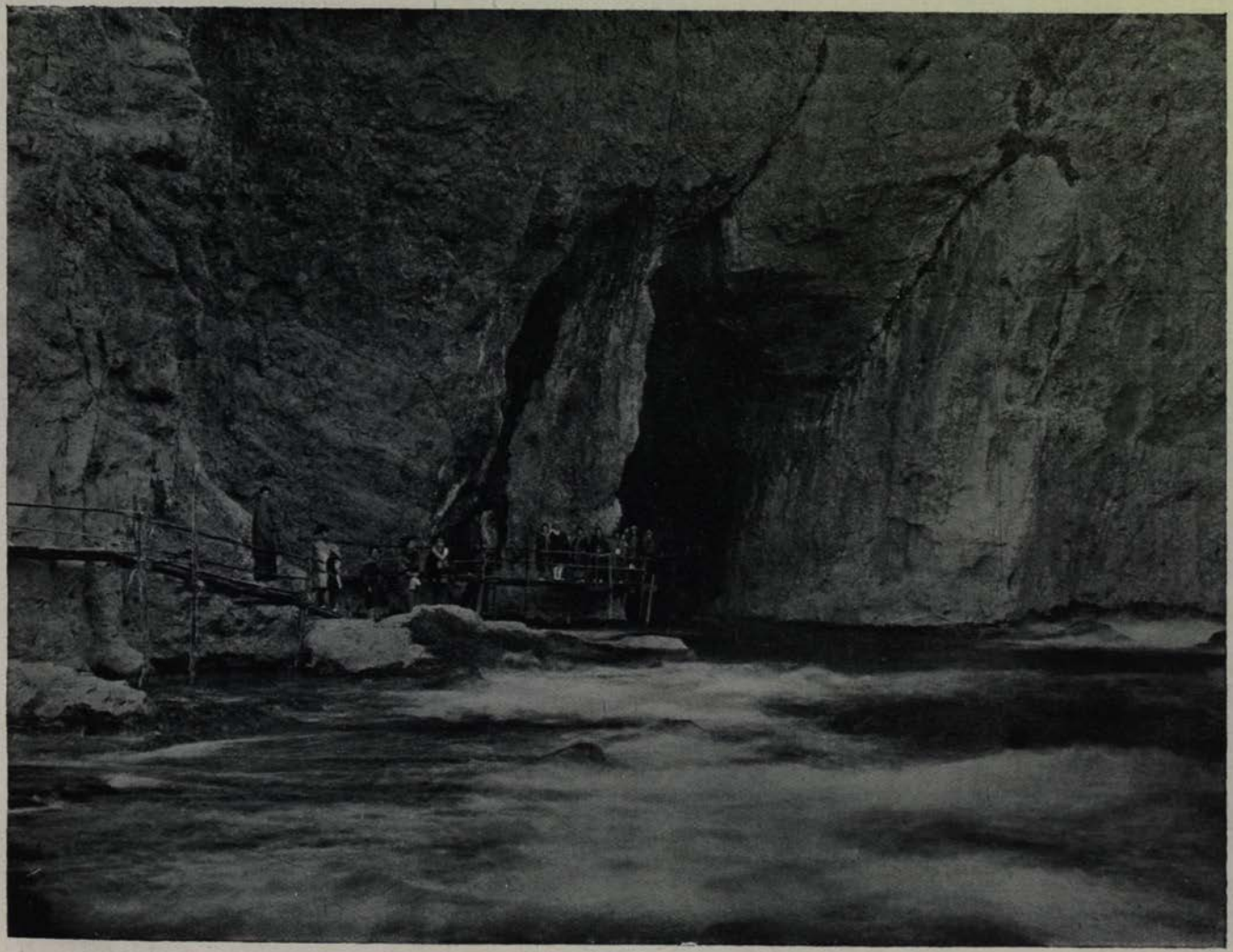
THE RAPIDS AT KYOTO DESCENDED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

NAGASAKI, THE HARBOUR AND ISLAND OF TAKABOKO, FROM WHICH 46,000 CHRISTIANS WERE THROWN INTO THE SEA 17

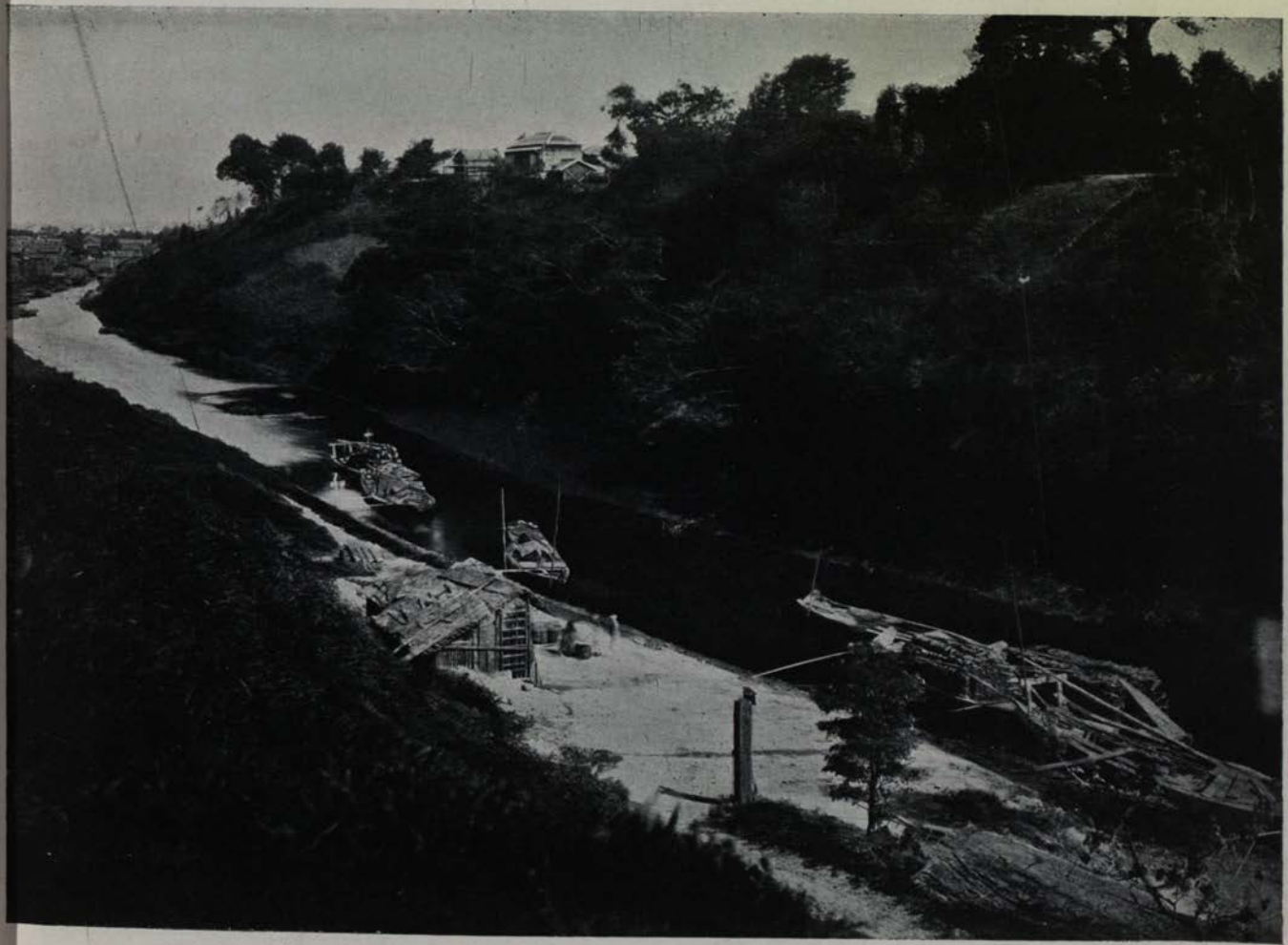
NAGASAKI, ONE OF THE FAMOUS SAMPANS

THE AMIDABASHI, OR BUDDHA BRIDGE OF NAGASAKI

THE POINT OF TOMIOKA, A FAVOURITE SEASIDE PICNIC PLACE NEAR YOKOHAMA



THE CAVE TEMPLE OF BENTEN, THE JAPANESE VENUS IN THE ISLAND OF ENOSHIMA

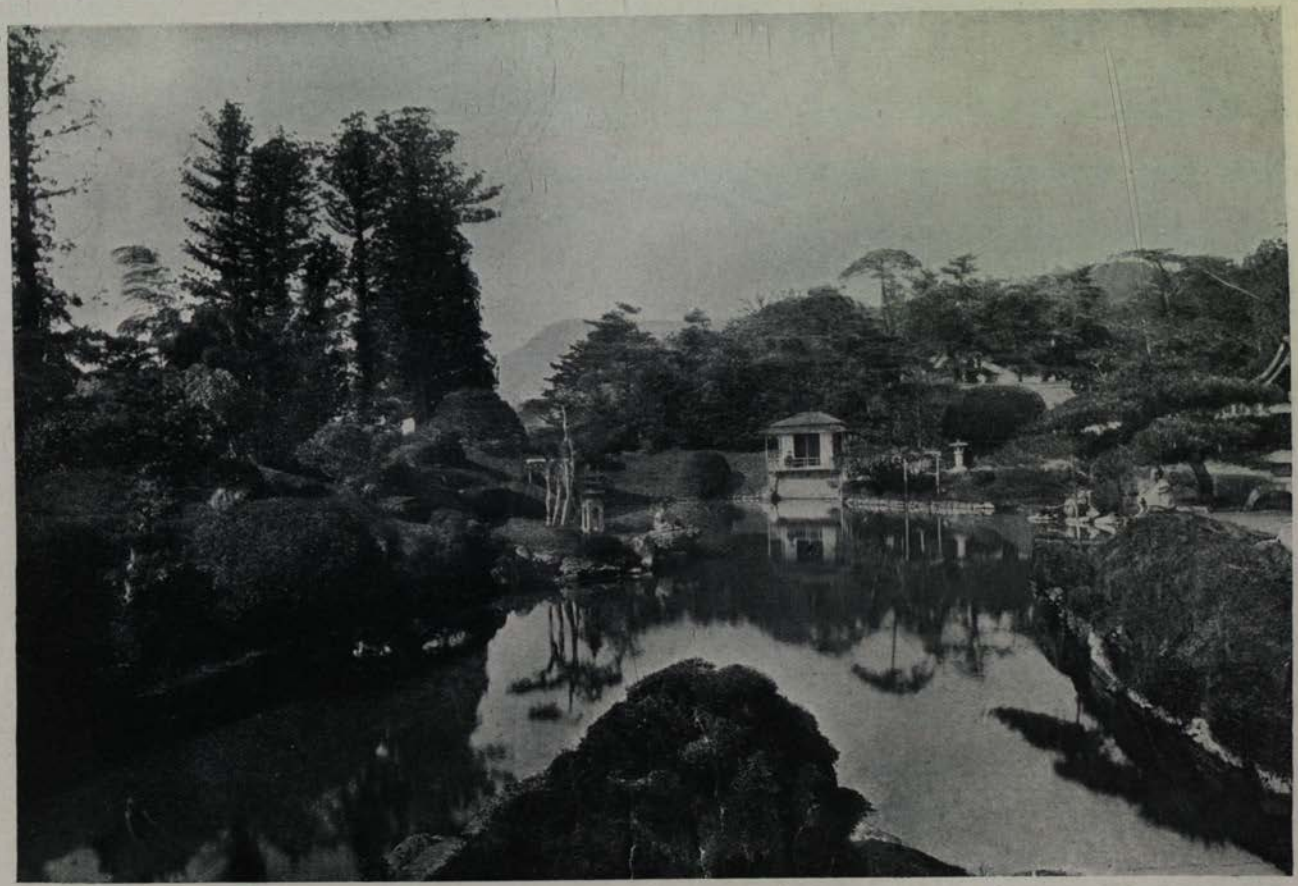


OCHIA-NO MIDZU TOKYO

BRIDGE OF BOATS ON THE NAKASENDO, THE SECOND GREAT HIGH ROAD OF JAPAN

THE FAMOUS "BRIDGE OF THE DAMASK GIRDLE" OR SERPENT BRIDGE AT IWAKUNI

FIVE-STOREY PAGODA AT NARA



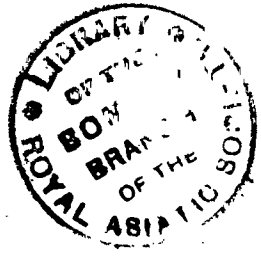
THE FAMOUS CHINESE GARDEN OF THE MANGWANJI MONASTERY AT NIKKO

TONOSAWA, THE VILLAGE BELOW MIYANOSHITA

FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN

JOURNEYING TO MIYANOSHITA IN A KAGO, NEAR YUMOTO

A CHERRY-BLOSSOM WALK ON THE SUMIDAGAWA, THE RIVER OF TOKYO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THE HORSESHOE BRIDGE AND THE WISTARIA BOWER (THE MOST FAMOUS IN JAPAN) AT THE KAMEIDO TEMPLE AT TOKYO

LOTUS IN BLOSSOM

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CHAPTER II

ITS CROPS AND ITS FLOWERS

THE transition from the coasts and rivers to agriculture and horticulture in Japan is natural, because the Japanese lives by the fruits of the earth and the sea. "Frutta di mare" is the eloquent Italian expression for the miscellaneous products of the sea which Japs and Italians devour. First in importance of the products of the soil comes rice, though rice is really only the food of gentlemen and people who live in cities. Formerly Japanese incomes were reckoned in rice as their homes are measured by mats. People of gentle birth were divided into the Three Exalted Families who had incomes from 350,000 to 610,500,500 koku of rice; the Eighteen Lords of Provinces with revenues of 200,000 to 1,000,000 koku; the Eighteen Members of the Family, *i.e.*, the Toku Gawa with incomes of 10,000 to 200,000 koku; the Outside Lords with incomes of 10,000 to 200,000 koku and the 115 Successful Races with incomes of 10,000 to 200,000 koku; the 80,000 families of banner-supporters with incomes from 500 to 9999 koku and the common soldiers with incomes up to 500 koku. These were all gentlemen; the rest were not counted. The incomes of the great nobles were not so large as they seem, because they had to support their clans and their armies. There probably never was so much rice in Japan as their incomes represented, for only a small area of the country is available for rice-growing and that is one reason why Korea, a rice country, is so important to Japan. It is only favoured parts of Japan, especially the portions of the main island near Tokyo and Kyoto, which will grow rice. What the vineyard is to Italy the paddy-field is to Japan. Both are scooped in terraces out of the mountain sides and the countries depend on them for their drinks, the Japanese for his sakè or rice beer, and the Italian for his wine. Both are exquisitely green in Spring. The difference lies in the irrigation, on which the rice-fields are entirely dependent. Some convenient spring floods, when it is permitted, a paddy-field at the top of the hill and the waters are diverted by degrees to flow down other rice-fields right to the foot of the mountain. The Japanese husbandmen seems to take a childish delight in regulating the flow of water by dropping the turf in or out of the mouth of a tiny channel. The Japanese agricultural labourer who is much higher in the social scale than the shop-keeper, is eternally at work in his rice-fields; or perhaps it

would be truer to say that he keeps his wife there, because most of the malarious and disagreeable work in the rice-fields is done by women with their kimonos folded between their legs and big mushroom hats or sun-bonnets improvised from towels. First there is the ploughing with the wooden toothpick plough which has been doing duty ever since the time of Virgil in the primitive South and East; then there is the sowing; then the thinning; and then the planting out, most of which operations keep the husbandmen and husbandwomen (I wanted to write wife-women) knee-deep in mud and water, and the prey of the horse-leech.

Paddy is so deliciously green and the whole business of rice-farming so picturesque that you are apt to forget how much more millet and beans are the food of the thrifty country people than rice. The importance of millet you might have guessed, for on kakemonos and the carvings on netsukes it is millet you see depicted, not rice. Beans play a great part in Japan as they do in Sicily. Bean-flour is the flour of the poor and most Japanese sweets are made of it.

Japanese horticulture is far more interesting in its results than Japanese agriculture. The odd thing is that you so seldom see the Japanese gardener who is the prince of his trade, at work. Perhaps there is some trade secret about it.

There is no country in which flowers receive the same honour as they do in Japan. The plum-tree and the cherry-tree are cultivated for their blossoms not their fruit, and the Japanese have regular pilgrimages to see famous flower plantations in their prime. Just as the London stockbroker drives an actress to Bushey Park on a certain Sunday to see the horse-chestnuts at their best, the Japanese goes to Horikiri to see the irises, to Yoshino, Mukojima, or Ueno to see the cherry-blossoms, and to Kameido to see the wistaria at its best. The difference is that even the poorest Japanese go on these flower pilgrimages, and if they happen to have a holiday will think nothing of walking a hundred or two hundred miles carrying their luggage in a stay-box wrapped up in oiled paper and paying as little as a halfpenny a night for their beds in the people's tea-houses. There is no room for Rowton houses in Japan, where any house can become a shop or a tea-house at a moment's notice.

The cherry-blossom is quite a cult in Japan. If they do not eat the fruit they drink the blossom salted in their tea—it is an acquired taste. The trees in vogue have double blossoms, flesh-coloured and pink as well as white, and have the effect of the almond-blossom of the South of Europe. The Temples of Shiba or Ueno rise out of their cherry-blossoms as the golden temples of Girgenti are enveloped in the pink of their almond groves. Both Tokyo and Kyoto are great cherry-blossom places, but even more famous than the temples' groves of Ueno and Shiba are the avenues which run along the banks of the Sumida Gawa, the river of Tokyo, for miles at Mukojima. Mukojima is one of the most popular picnic places in all Tokyo. There you see the gaily dressed geishas riding in double rikshas with their patrons or their duennas, and the still more typical Japanese, picnicking not with his wife or sweetheart but his mother; and it would be his mother-in-law if he ever had one. But the Japanese woman becomes dead to her family by marriage, so this relation does not exist. Even more famous are the thousand cherry-trees of Yoshino; but that is too far from Tokyo for foreigners.

At Kyoto where there are numbers of cherry groves, the interest of cherry-blossom time is

principally centred in the celebrated Miyako-Odori, or Cherry-blossom ballet, which I saw performed in the presence of the Duke of Connaught, and therefore presumably at its best. The auditorium was a tea-house with fascinating mousmees to wait upon you. The geishas are said to be the best in Japan. The etiquette is more strictly observed here than anywhere else, and there is scenery. But it is balder than Whistler's paintings, and the ordinary tourist does not appreciate the fine points of the Miyako-Odori.

The great place for plum-blossom is the Gwai-Rio-Bai or garden of the Sleeping Dragon at Tokyo, an orchard of old, old plum-trees covered with delightful lichens and little rolled-up strips of paper. These contain poems. The word *ume* means both plum-blossom and poem, so Tokyo poets, who fancy themselves, pin the plum-blossoms of their brain on these long-suffering trees, whose writhing boughs suggested the idea of dragons. One of the sights of Tokyo is the castle-moat in July, when its surface is entirely paved with the broad leaves of the Lotus, from which the huge pink crowns of the blossoms thrust their way upward a foot or two into the air. In winter the moats are covered with wild duck who are ensured immunity from every enemy except the hawks which, as large as small eagles, flap round you at Tokyo.

In my "Queer Things about Japan" I gave the usually accepted table of the flower-emblems of the months.

"The great show-flowers of Japan are the cherry, the plum, the lotus, the wistaria, the azalea, the chrysanthemum, the common camellia, the iris, the beautiful calamus, the tree-peony, the hibiscus mutabilis, the peach-blossom, the Eulalia Japonica, the Camellia Sasanqua, and the maple and tea are added to their number for the purpose of marking months. Roughly speaking, the plum-blossom (*ume*) marks January; the peach-blossom (*momo*), February; the cherry-blossom (*sakura*), April; the wistaria (*fuji*) and azalea (*tsutsuji*), and the tree-peony (*botan*), May; the iris (*ayame*) and calamus (*shobu*), June; the lotus (*renge*), July; the *fuyo*, August; the *susuki*, September; the chrysanthemum (*kiku*) and the maple (*momiji*), October; the *sasankwa*, November; and the tea (*cha*), December. March is not marked very precisely in the Japanese scheme of month flowers. It is covered by both the peach-blossom and the common camellia. The common red camellia (*tsubaki*), which strews the ground with its single scarlet blossoms, is a plant (or rather tree, for it grows forty feet high) of ill-omen. Its fallen blossoms signify decapitated heads. The best place in Tokyo to see the azalea is Mukojima, on the river banks, which is also famous for its camellia, plum, and cherry-blossom. But foreigners appreciate best the acres and acres of wild scarlet azalea which grow in almost impenetrable thickets near the famous temples of Nikko and Nara. The chief iris and calamus beds are at Horokiri, and the maple-groves at Shinagawa, the port of Tokyo. The tea, the choicest in the world, is to be found best in little low shrubs, protected with high matting screens, or even sheds, at Uji near Kyoto. To see the lotus in all its glory one must go to the lake at Ueno and the moats of the Castle of Tokyo."

The longest wistaria blossoms are at Kameido. The oldest plum-trees are in the garden of the Sleeping Dragon; the chrysanthemums are seen best in the Imperial Gardens in Tokyo and the Asakusa Temple. At the former they are trained chiefly for the magnificence of single blossoms, though

Mr. Balfour counted seven hundred on one plant. At Asakusa they are trained into living pictures. First of all the designed picture is made in fine wire netting, and then blossoms of the proper colours on still-growing plants are drawn through the wires. They do not seem to mind it in the least, but go on growing all the time that they form part of the picture.

PLOUGHING THE PADDY-FIELDS

A PADDY-FIELD; PLANTING OUT THE RICE

THE IRIS GARDENS AT HORIKIRI, ONE OF THE FLOWER PILGRIMAGE PLACES OF JAPAN

THE FAMOUS BLOSSOMING CHERRY-TREE AT KYOTO

A CHERRY-BLOSSOM TEA-GARDEN AT KYOTO

PLUM-TREES IN BLOSSOM AT ATAMI

THE LOTUS IN BLOSSOM IN THE CASTLE MOATS AT TOKYO

SUMIYOSHI BRIDGE, OSAKA, WITH LOTUS BELOW IT

THE TEA-GARDEN OF UJI, WHERE THE MOST EXPENSIVE TEA IN THE WORLD IS GROWN

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CHAPTER III

JAPANESE LANDSCAPES

JAPAN is peculiarly rich in landscape. Most of its surface is taken up with mountains and forests; it is full of waterfalls, which the Japanese compare to macaroni; and it has one large and innumerable small lakes of high natural beauty. Nor is there a large area, in all its thousand islands, out of sight of the sea. Its mountains too are of the kind which adapt themselves to rich landscapes, for they are not of the lofty pointed kind effective only as a distant skyline but barren if you are near them; they are the flat-topped, broken-surfaced, volcanic mountains, which go with very rich vegetation, and are almost as full of interest as ancient cities when you are within close range of them. That is the kind of mountain which suits the national genius of the Japanese, for they are within the scope of his extraordinary powers of landscape gardening. Creating scenery is one of the most typical arts of Japan. Take, for example, the Nakanotake steps shown in one of the pictures. The bald rock rising out of the pine-clad mountain has had an approach of very steep and lofty steps of stone as hoary as itself made to lead up to it, thus making it part of a scheme in the landscape. The chief materials with which the Japanese creates scenery are terraces, galleries, and stairways of ancient mossy stone. These he multiplies, and uses them at every vantage-point to carry the eye upward. In the foreground to arrest the gaze he will place one of the great torii or double cruciform arches of the Shinto religion flanked with the huge votive lanterns of stone or bronze reared to the memory of dead princes and never, within the memory of foreigners, lit.

Sometimes the various buildings will be distributed up a mountain-side at a dozen different elevations, a *honden* here, a *haiden* there, a drum-tower, a bell-tower, and a dancing-stage, each on the most effective site. The exquisite beauty of the ancient causeways and winding stairs and balustrades of hoary mossy stone are made to contrast with the dark cryptomerias of a sacred grove, as well shown in the picture of the approach to a temple at Nikko.

As I said in "Queer Things about Japan," gardens are a feature in Japan. In the suburbs they go in for regular landscapes; in the cities, where building plots might almost be measured by inches, they get in a garden effect somehow—if it is only a bamboo trellis with a gourd trailing over it like it does on picture frames at Liberty's. If he can do nothing more, every Japanese who can afford them will have a row of blue and white pots with dwarf fruit or fir-trees. The fir-trees are taught floral gymnastics, and the fruit-trees are let off bearing fruit on condition of having double blossoms. Fir-trees are expected to grow smaller as they grow older.

Give a Japanese a backyard ten feet square, and he will have a Chinese garden with any quantity of paths of glittering white quartz. But give a prosperous Japanese a few acres—one acre—round his house in the suburbs, and he will make a landscape worthy of Kubla Khan. A lake is a *sine quâ non*, and if there are any undulations he will manage a cascade and a mountain river a few feet wide and a few inches deep, for bridges are his principal devices—bridges of ancient mossy stone, now a straight slab, now a hog's back with a stone hand-rail, wonderful for its combination of simplicity and elegance. His lake will be full of islands partly to have more bridges, partly as pedestals for little stone torii, and votive lanterns with broad brims, and lighthouses and pagodas and fantastic rock-work and fir-trees trained to the shape of a ship in sail or a peacock's tail; while round the water's edge will be variegated maples of every conceivable colour, and arbours of wistaria with blossoms three or four feet long trailing down to the water. If there is an eminence in the garden, a little artificial Fujiyama will be cut out of it, with a path winding to the summit occupied by a quaint stone seat. Here the owner will sit with his mother: the Japanese do all their flirting with their parents.

Even the hotel-keepers have an eye to the æsthetic in Japan, as is shown in the pictures of Maru-yama, with a native inn rising like a tower against its splendid woods. How glorious such scenes can be made by a fine temple is shown in the temple of Yamato, the pagodas nearly always and the temples very often are of bright scarlet lacquer, which greatly heightens the effect of such a scene.

In the view of the Chiusengi road from Nikko, the noble background of mountain speaks for itself, but the road, as shown in the bird's-eye view, gives an impression of geometrical sameness which is entirely in opposition to facts. No one would guess from the picture that it runs through thickets of azaleas with sheets of scarlet flowers and that the richly wooded hills are divided from it by a river as sky blue as the Lake of Zug. These hill-sides themselves, where their dark woods have been cut down, are also sheeted with scarlet azalea flowers.

The picture of Fujiyama speaks for itself. But there are more beautiful views, such as that in which the noblest of mountains is depicted reflecting itself in the blue mirror of the Hakone Lake. However, there is an illustration of the Hakone Lake taken from another of its best points where you see the great torii of the temple, one of the most magnificent in Japan, flanked by two stately daimio lanterns in the foreground and with the background of lake and mountain and forest. The Japanese are particularly skilful in their handling of avenues and vistas.

Nowhere perhaps is this art shown in greater perfection than on the shores of Lake Biwa near Kyoto, a huge sheet of fresh water, whose shape reminds the Japanese of the stone of the Biwa or Loquat, which also gives its name to a musical instrument. Exquisite terraces and tea-houses, built over the water that their wistaria bowers may sweep the lake with their trailing blossoms in spring, and their galleries may give the ladies of a household privacy combined with carp-fishing, prevent the shore line of the lake from growing for one instant monotonous. The roads are avenues of picturesque trees; the mountains are temples, like Mü-dera or Ishi-yamadera, softly rising pyramids of green lawns bearing noble buildings in glades of solemn groves linked together with long flights of mossy steps and balustraded causeways and galleries. The Japanese will walk hundreds of miles for such a feast of the eye.

RIUZIU CASCADE

73 STEPS, NAKANOTAKE MIOGI MOUNTAIN

75 CRYPTOMERIA GROVES AND ENTRANCE TO A TEMPLE AT NIKKO

THE HILL OF MARUYAMA AT KYOTO, THE FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL SUBURB

VIEW OF THE ROAD FROM NIKKO TO THE CHIUSENJI LAKE

FUJIYAMA FROM KAWAIBASHI, TOKAIDO

THE GREAT TORII OF THE TEMPLE ON THE HAKONE LAKE

THE VILLAGE OF MIYAGINO

SHIRASE VILLAGE MITAKE, KOSHIW

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

CHAPTER IV

JAPANESE TEMPLES

BEFORE passing on to the chapter on Japanese temples, it may be well to explain the various buildings most usually included in fully equipped Buddhist and Shinto temples. The line, I may explain, between the two is by no means hard and fast. Most Japanese at the present day, as far as they have any religion (except a few Christians) belong to both the Buddhist and Shinto religions. They live as Shintoists because under that easy-going *régime* there is nothing required of them except loyalty to their Emperor and their country and filial piety to their ancestors, dead and alive. But life is such a hard struggle in Japan: there are so many demands on a man and so few rewards that the Nirvana of Buddhism seems very attractive to the dying Japanese, and indeed Shinto, which means the Way of the Gods, is altogether too intangible for a "Hold thou my cross before my dying eyes." Buddhism, with its creed and its formulas and splendid ceremonials and processions is just the right complement for Shinto, the natural religion.

Even between the temple buildings in their arrangements, the divergence is not always well marked. In the Buddhist temples at Nikko, for instance, the torii or mystic double cross of Japan, whose origin has never been explained, a purely Shinto emblem, appears. And many Shinto temples exhibit a luxury of form and carving borrowed from Buddhism and wholly foreign to their traditions. Murray in his simply admirable new edition of his handbook for travellers in Japan prepared by the great Japanese scholar, Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, and Mr. W. B. Mason, analyses the famous Shinto temple of Izumo and the great Buddhist temple of Ikegami as typical specimens of their kind.

The Izumo Temple, one of the most typical, is entered by a torii, the double cruciform Shinto arch. Immediately in front of it is the *Haiden* or oratory, which is not here connected with the *Honden* or main shrine by an *Ainoma*, or corridor. In the *Ainoma* generally hangs the gong, which the worshipper sounds to tell the god when he is going to begin praying, as one rings up the central office on a telephone. In the Izumo Temple the *Haiden* is not, as in some temples, inside of the two sacred enclosures called the *Itagaki* and *Tamagaki*, which contain the *Honden* and some subsidiary shrines and houses for offerings. Each of these enclosures has a noble gateway. The other buildings consist

of a cistern under a canopy called the *Mitarashi* at which you wash your hands before praying, as you do at a Mohammedan mosque, a temple office, the *Shamusho*, and an assembly hall on opposite sides of the *Haiden;* a library; a treasure-house (*hozo*), a gallery (*kwaivo*); a dancing-stage (*kagurado*); and a stable in which the sacred horse (*jimme*) is kept. Shinto temples are generally made of wood, neither painted nor varnished, and are built with great simplicity, their thatched roofs being protected from typhoons with a roof-beam held down with the heavy cross logs called *katsuo-gi*. The Shinto temple is exceedingly interesting, as preserving intact a type handed down from the remotest antiquity. The principal Shinto temple in Japan, the temple of the Sun-goddess at Ise has maintained the purity of the style, for the Japanese believe that great misfortunes would overwhelm the country if any change were made in these temples, the Mecca of Japan, and at comparatively short intervals the temple is renewed in order to be sure of preserving the minutest details of the original style of a Shinto temple.

The *Honden* is divided into two chambers. The rear chamber contains an emblem of the god, such as a mirror, a sword or a curious stone, and is always kept closed, while the antechamber contains a wand from which hang the strips of paper called Gohei which represent the cloth offerings of ancient times. It is most interesting to compare the chief buildings of a Shinto temple with Greek temples. It shows you at once how largely the Greek temple of the age of Pericles is the design for a wooden temple carried out in stone. The Shinto temples of Japan are undoubtedly the oldest form of architecture still in use and are marvellously like the ancient Etruscan house as shown to us on a bronze cinerary urn preserved in the Villa Papa Giulio at Rome, alike in the roof beam arrangements, and in the panels between cross-beams of which the sides of the house are composed.

The Buddhist temples, infinitely more gorgeous, have not the same noble simplicity and majesty. Murray's handbook gives us the typical specimen the great temple at Ikegami, near Tokyo. The buildings there in the first place consist of the *Sammon*, or two-storied gate, very large and high, which is in most temples painted scarlet. The small building nearest it is the *Emado* or ex-voto hall, and close to that is the bell-tower or *shoro*. A little beyond them is the vast *Hondo* or main temple, and close behind it is the still larger *Soshido* or founders' hall. In front of the Hondo the Ikegami Temple has a pagoda that looks like a pepper-mill, called the *Kotzudo* or Hall of the Bones. This is the relic-house in which portions of the founder, Nichiren, are buried. Straight behind it is the *Rinzo* or revolving library which contains the six thousand six hundred and sixty-six books of the Buddhist canon. As it would take you twenty years to read these through once even if you read one every day, the Japanese take advantage of the good gods by placing the volumes in a bookcase revolving on a capstan. Any one who breasts the bars and makes the library revolve three times, enjoys the same merit as if he had given himself the pleasure of reading all the books. Near the great red gate called the *Sammon* are the *Chozubachi*, or cistern for washing your hands before you pray; the drum-tower, *koro;* and the five-storied pagoda, *Go-ju No To*. These constitute the temple buildings proper. At a little distance off is what we should call the monastery, consisting of the *Hojo*, *Shoin*, or *Zashiki*, the priests' apartments which often, as at Ikegami, have a sort of cloister. The *Zashiki* is flanked on one side by the

Kyaku-den, or Reception Rooms, and on the other by the *Dai-dokoro*, or kitchen; while in a detached building at the back (conflagrations being so much more dreaded than thieves) is the *Hozo*, or treasure-house. Buddhist temples are generally surrounded with a number of the great stone or bronze or iron votive lanterns called *Ishi-doro*, usually presented by vassals in memory of a dead daimio. Shinto temples should not have these. Their distinguishing mark is the wooden arch called the torii which ought not to be found at Buddhist temples; but at Nikko, at any rate, this rule is not kept.

The most beautiful and famous of the Buddhist temples of Japan is the glorious mortuary shrine of Iyeyasu, the most powerful of all Japanese princes, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns which lasted from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the time of Queen Victoria, this still contains the most beautiful gold lacquer in the world, though the parts of the building exposed to the weather are beginning to show that they have not been repaired since the revolution. The temple is generally called the Toshogu; for Iyeyasu was deified under this name. It is at the annual Toshogu festival in June that the discrowned Buddhist hierarchy and other adherents of the old feudal *régime* which came to an end in 1868, give vent to their feelings. The god's state-car, a glorious affair of gilt and lacquer which takes seventy-five men to lift it, is borne on men's shoulders surrounded by a stately procession in the costumes of old Japan. With a fine poetical touch it is only made to contain the spirit of the god. In the Temple Treasury or *San-Ginko*, carved by Hidari Jingoro, the famous left-handed sculptor, with the magnificent elephants which crook their hind-legs the wrong way, are kept the armour and robes and other articles used by the hero during his life, and in the stable opposite is the mad white pony, madness being sacred in Japan, which is kept ready for the god to ride when he returns to earth. Incidentally it brings the temple a good revenue by the sale, at preposterous prices, of beans, with which the faithful regale this fierce beast with flaming blue eyes. Outside the stable grows a tall koyamachi-tree, which dwarfed in a blue and white porcelain pot was carried by Iyeyasu in his palanquin when he went campaigning, as Napoleon took a library of history in his carriage. These are in the outer courts of the Lord. Splendid as the buildings are here, they are nothing to the glories beyond, of which Yomeimon, the most glorious piece of colour and carving in Japan, is the portal. Its carved pictures in low relief and richly coloured, might have been on a rood-screen from the hand of Quentin Matsys. There is a strong Dutch influence in them. The Dutch already had a factory at Nagasaki. So perfect did the Japanese themselves in that Golden Age of their art esteem Yomeimon that they erected one of its pillars "the evil-averting pillar," upside down to prevent the gods being jealous. The tamagaki or carved fence of scarlet lacquer which surrounds the shrine is the finest of its kind. Its birds and flowers are the triumph of realism. The illustrations show it both inside and out. It is entered by the Karamon or Gate of Chinese Carvings, which is small compared to Yomeimon, but even more exquisite as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the sculptor. It should have been executed in ivory, for every figure in it is equal to the finest netsuke. The last of the pictures of Nikko shows the simple tomb of the mighty Prince. But there is richness mingled in its simplicity, for the strange light colour of its bronze is due to the gold with which it is compounded. At the top of its steps stand two strange figures, looking like Chinese travesties of poodles,

and one with a horn on its forehead, which are called Ama-Inu and Coma-Inu, and are undoubtedly affinities of our lion and unicorn, showing that these emblems of kingship ranged to the utmost limits of Asia.

The Japanese have a proverb :

Nikko wo minai uchi wa,
"Kekko" to iu na!

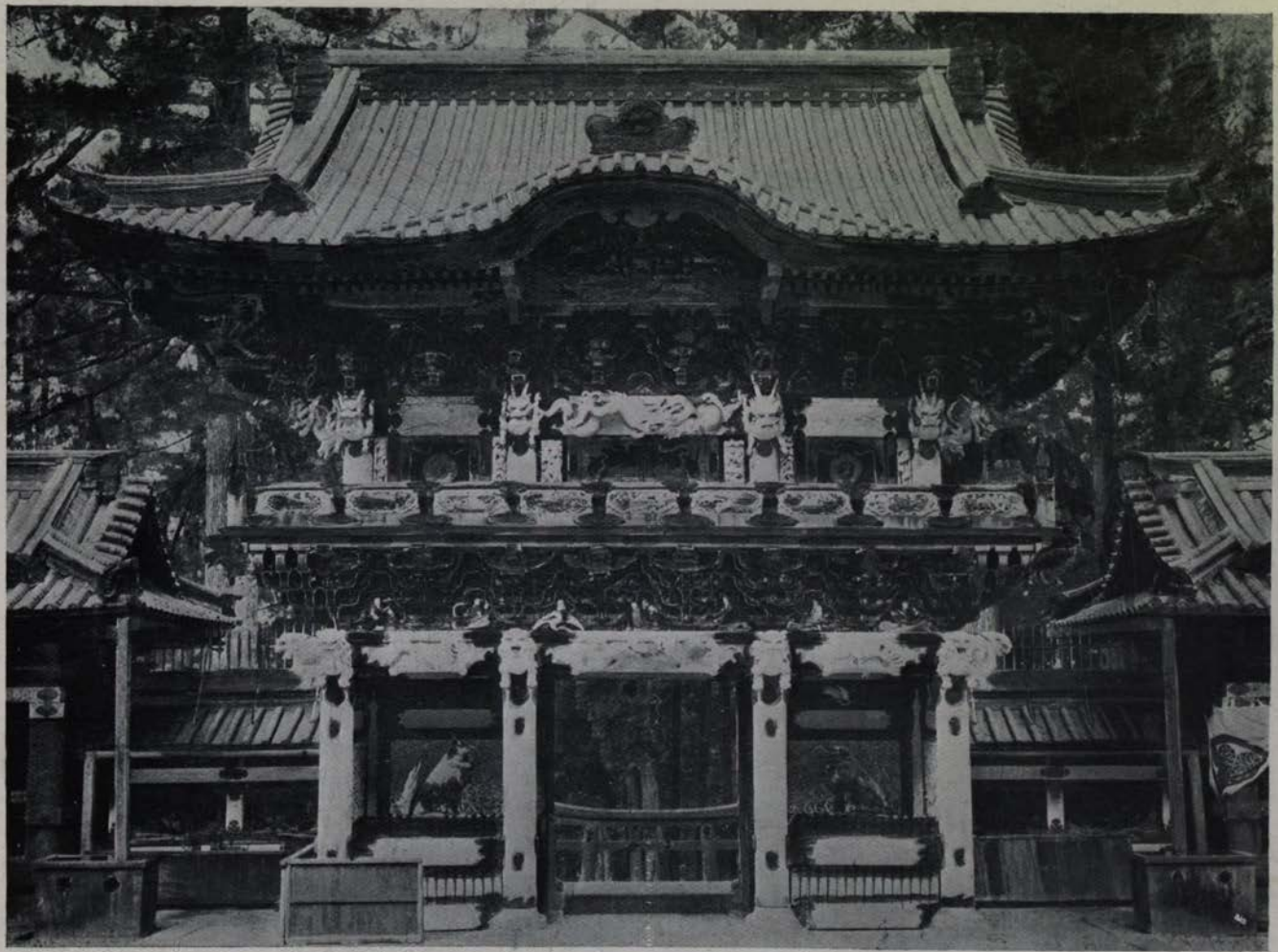
(Do not use the word magnificent till after you have seen Nikko.) They are right, for these most excellent examples of Buddhist art stand in glades of the solemn groves which clothe the mountain overhanging the sky-blue cataracts of the Daiyagawa.

After Nikko come the other mausoleum-temples of Shiba and Ueno. The temples of Kyoto and Nara, Shinto and Buddhist, may be regarded as their rivals in everything except scenery and the quality of the lacquer, and are of far higher antiquity. One of the most famous temples at Kyoto is that of the Golden Pavilion, so called from its golden shoji or panels. It was founded by the Shogun Yoshimitsu who, though he shaved his head and assumed the garb of a Buddhist monk, continued to exercise his powers.

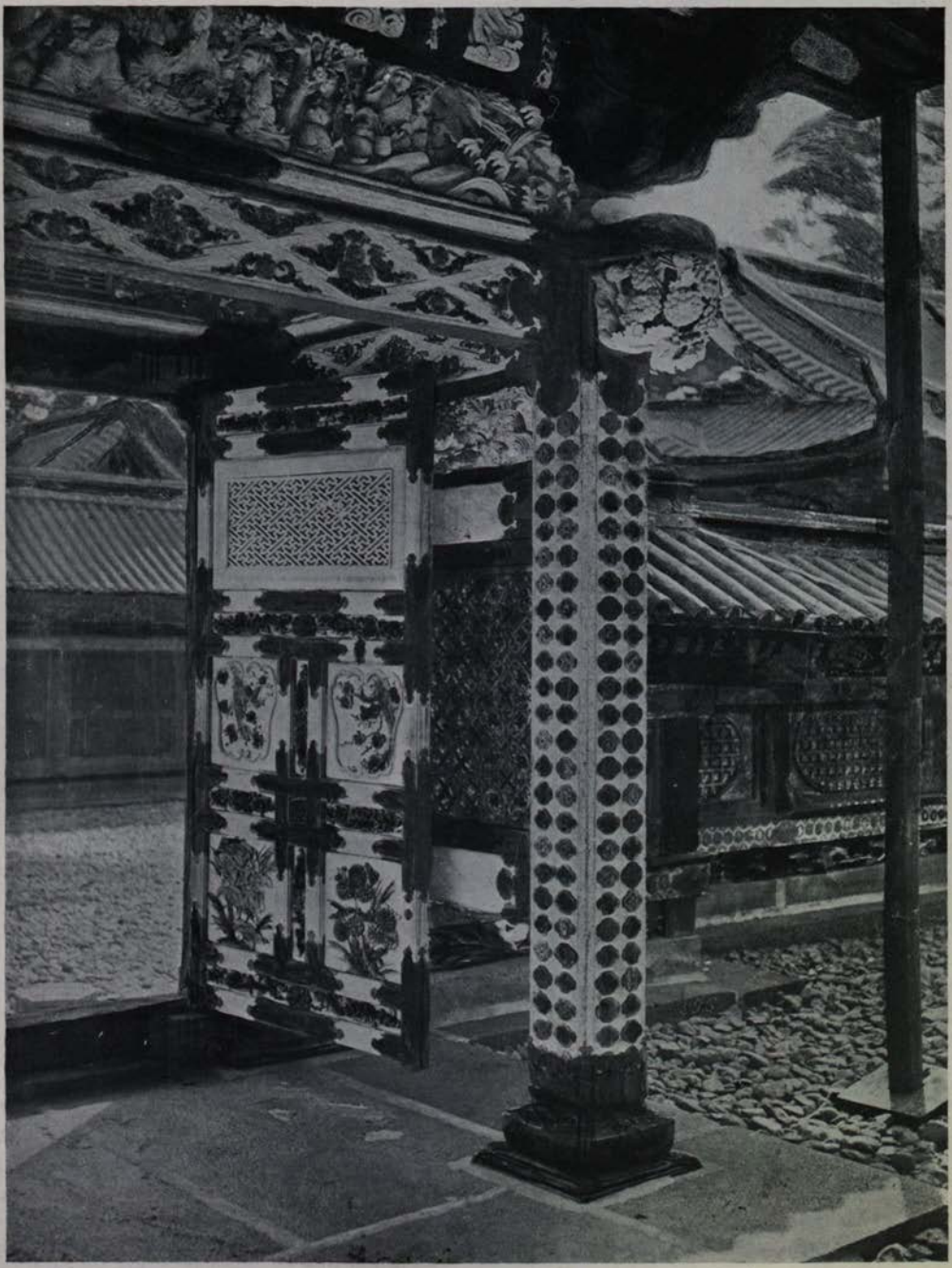
Another is the Kiyomidzu-dera, which is built out of the mountain-side on immensely lofty trestles like those of the viaducts on the Canadian Pacific Railway; another has thirty-three thousand idols; another contains the tombs of the Mikados which the profane eyes of foreigners are not permitted to see. The two great temples under the hill of Maruyama, the Gion and the Chionin (which contains the enormous bell weighing eighty tons whose vibrations shake every building within a furlong of it every time that it is rung), are the playgrounds of the people and full of such amusements as horse-archery, foot-archery at ten or a hundred shots a penny, wild monkeys from the surrounding mountains, and a game of Aunt Sally in which you throw sticks at the Seven Gods of Wealth, the strangest form of worship. But the two temples which enter most into the life of Kyoto are the gigantic Nishi Hongwanji and Higashi-Hongwanji, which are down in the populous parts of the city, on the plain, and rise up like hills against the horizon. They are regular villages in themselves with their fairs and streets of shops; they likewise come near being universities, for the great Buddhist temples of the sect to which they belong are the focuses of the new learning of Asia which is the most formidable force opposed to Christianity.

The glorious mausoleum-temples of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, which lasted till the revolution, are all at Nikko, or in the Shiba or Ueno parks at Tokyo, whose shrines fall little short of the Nikko temples to the untrained eye, as will be seen from the gateway at Shiba and the avenue of votive lanterns at Ueno shown in the illustrations. These groves, especially when the cherries are in blossom, are the favourite resorts of the Tokyoites. Kamakura too must be mentioned, for its glorious Daibutsu or big Buddha of bronze, the most beautiful idol in the world, which is fifty feet high and contains a seat in its nose and a temple in its brain, and dates far back into the Middle Ages. Equally beautiful in their way are the tiny images of Buddha (Amida) carved in grey granite in the cities of the dead, as the Japanese call their cemeteries. They all have the peace of God in their faces.

THE TREASURY OF THE TEMPLE OF IYEYASU AT NIKKO, FAMOUS FOR ITS WOOD-CARVINGS



THE YOMEIMON GATE IN THE TEMPLE OF IYEYASU AT NIKKO, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDING IN JAPAN



TAMAGAKI (TEMPLE ENCLOSURE) AT NIKKO

THE KARAMON, OR GATE OF THE CHINESE CARVINGS, IN THE TEMPLE OF IYEYASU AT NIKKO 101

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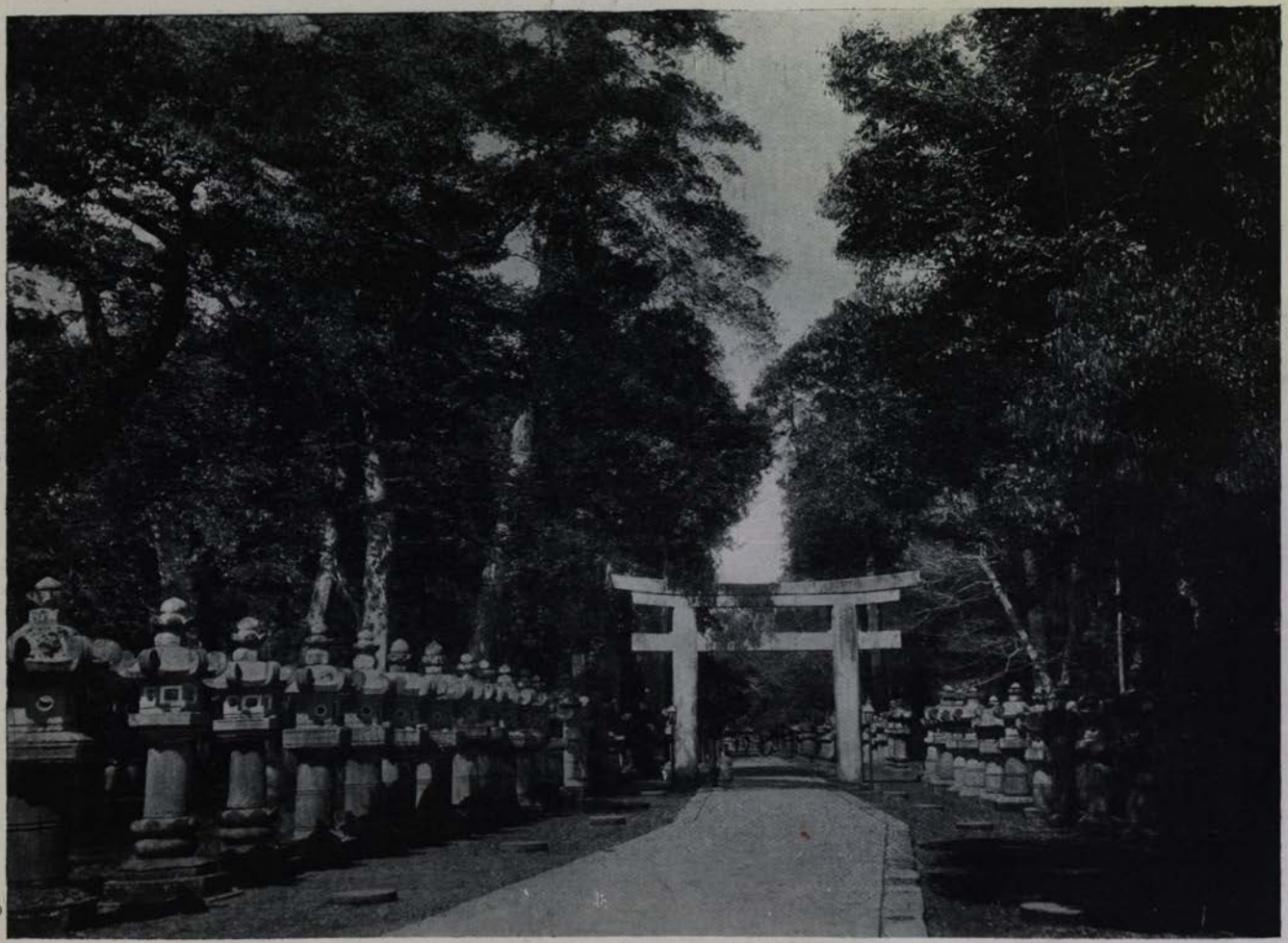
KATAMON, THE LITTLE WHITE GATE OF THE CHINESE CARVINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF IYEYASU AT NIKKO

THE TOMB OF IYEYASU, THE GREATEST RULER OF JAPAN AT NIKKO

ROYAL

ONE OF THE MORTUARY SHRINES OF THE SHOGUNS IN SHIBA PARK AT TOKYO



THE AVENUE OF VOTIVE LANTERNS (ISHIDORO) IN THE UENO PARK AT TOKYO

THE GOLDEN PAVILION IN THE GARDEN OF KINKAKUJA AT KYOTO

KIYOMIDZU-DERA, THE TEMPLE BUILT OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN SIDE AT KYOTO

CHIONIN, THE TEMPLE OF THE GIGANTIC BELL, AT KYOTO

THE DAI BATSU OF KAMAKURA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IDOL IN THE WORLD, ABOUT FIFTY FEET HIGH 117

A JAPANESE GRAVEYARD

OF THE ASIATIC SC

CHAPTER V

JAPANESE STREETS AND STREET-LIFE

TEMPLES enter so familiarly into the everyday life of the Japanese that the transition from them to the life of the streets is natural. An aspect of Japanese street-life which does not strike the casual foreign observer is the water-life of the Million-Cities of Tokyo and Osaka which contain fifteen hundred thousand and thirteen hundred thousand inhabitants respectively. Both have been called the Venice of Japan, and, if one can imagine a Venice without its buildings, the metaphor is a good one. For there are miles of streets in which the roads are canals and the little hog's back bridges which span them are very Venetian. The hooded sampan, in which the water population lives and moves and has its being, is also quite like a gondola. But here the resemblance ceases, for the Venetian does not live in his gondola, while the water inhabitants of Tokyo and Osaka spend their entire time in sampans huddled as close as the boats in Boulters Lock on a fine Sunday in the summer. The water-city at Tokyo comes up as far as the Nihombashi, or bridge of Japan, which is considered the heart of the capital and the country. This is a quarter where foreigners seldom go, though it is most interesting with its elegant bridges and crowded native life; and an admirable district for buying curios. The water-life is even more picturesque at Osaka, the Manchester and Liverpool of Japan, though the factories are hatefully ugly.

A picture is given also of one of the crowded and busy land-streets of Osaka which is a place where the Japanese goes if he wants a round of theatres and specialities in dissipation, just as he goes to Kyoto to buy choice silks or pottery. The theatre-street in Osaka is the finest in Japan, and if you pass through the city after nightfall you are struck by the number of the square paper transparencies which denote the dwellings of the geisha, and fairer and frailer sisters. Japanese streets are mostly one-storied and the houses are seldom certain whether they are shops or not. But in cities like Osaka there are of course regular streets of shops though they are little more than houses with their fronts taken off, and the articles for sale rising in tiers from the floor to the ceiling like potato exhibits at a flower show. If it is sunny or wet the shop-front is covered up with a dark blue or chocolate-coloured curtain with the owner's ideogram on it in white. The best shops in Japan like the best shops in the streets off Hanover Square, hardly

have anything displayed. The articles are brought from the go-down or safe-room, one by one, for your inspection. All houses are roofed with very heavy channelled purple tiles, which carry off the torrential rains of summer, and are not liable to be carried off themselves by anything less than a first-class typhoon. Japanese public buildings and temples are not found in the ordinary streets, which except in the best cities look hardly more important than a double row of bathing-machines, though they may be swarming with full rikshas, girls with the next younger babies on their backs, and hawkers of every kind, from the pipe-mender, the boot-seller, the flowering-shrub seller, the flower-seller, and the dough toymaker to the begging priest and the acrobat troup.

One very curious feature in a Japanese street is the fire-station, consisting of a tall ladder fixed upright with a tub at the top for a watchman to stand in, like the crow's nest of a man-of-war, and a big bell beside it, under a roof of its own. When the watchman observes the fire he signals it on the bell with which he can transmit signals about its locality and importance as easily as our soldiers and sailors can with our flag system.

I suppose that Tokyo has by this time some fire-brigades equipped with the latest American appliances, but the ordinary Tokyo fire-brigade is a farrago of mediæval absurdities, even for Japan. The men wear fantastic cotton dresses and are headed by a man carrying a large paper mattoi or crest, which looks like a gigantic sweetmeat and acts as a standard. The engine is a wooden box about four feet long with a primitive squirt without enough power for watering a market garden, let alone a Tokyo fire, in which thousands of houses are sometimes burnt. As the men never desert their paper standard it stands to reason that they cannot come to close quarters with a very bad fire; and since the houses are not worth much, they are more used for helping the inhabitants to carry their trifling worldly possessions out of the consuming dwelling to a place of safety. The inhabitants of each district keep the firemen plied with presents on every possible occasion so that when their services are needed he may fly to the work of saving their property.

Though the Japanese are the most industrious of nations, the foreigner cannot help being struck with the number of their holidays and festivals; which are divided into (1) national and (2) religious or customary. What renders their observance possible is the hereditary nature of Japanese shop-keeping. In a country where men, when they marry, habitually remain in the household of their father or elder brother, it is the natural thing for the family business as well as the family maintenance to be carried on in common. Most of the assistants in the shop or work-room are descendants of a common ancestor, and if there are outside apprentices, they are often adopted into the family. Some of this happy family go a-fairing or holidaying while the others carry on the business. This even happens in the New Year's holidays.

You always know a national holiday, like the Emperor's birthday, because over every door you will see the crossed flags, white with a red sun in the centre, their staves being headed with gilt spikes or balls. At the New Year's holiday the streets are most elaborately decorated, every house being masked in masses of cut bamboo while the grass ropes called nawa are carried from house to house to shut out evil spirits. From the nawa over each front door hangs a bundle of charms in which the male and female fir, the bent lobster, called yebi, to signify survival to extreme old age,

a lucky sea-weed and other emblems of luck enter. On each side of the door rise cut bamboos arranged like the pipes of a church organ and at night the streets are hung with great white lanterns each bearing the red sun of Japan. At the New Year there is a most elaborate interchange of calls and presents and ceremonious greetings in the streets something like a universal vacation reigns for a few days. It is significant of Japanese practicality that the festival is held not at their own immemorial New Year, but at the New Year of the White man's Gregorian calendar.

Much more picturesque from the foreigner's point of view are the Feast of Boys on the fifth day of the fifth month, and the Feast of Girls on the third day of the third month. The former can be distinguished a mile off, for from every house-top which shelters a man-child rise tall masts from which float immense paper carp, made hollow to belly out with the slightest breeze. The carp are emblematic of manly resolution, for according to the Japanese, the carp is the only fish which can swim up a waterfall, a natural-history fiction. The boys, like the girls, have their dolls, but dressed up to represent famous warriors instead of court personages. These dolls are not to play with, and are only brought out at the time of the festival. On their feast-day it is customary to give boys toy weapons and armour with which they have wonderful playings at soldiers. The game of Gengi and Heiki is no longer permitted. In it the boys wore earthenware helmets with red and white flags stuck in them. The two sides tried to break each other's helmets, but it led to too many accidents.

The O Hina Matsuri, or Feast of Dolls is the Girls' Festival. Every girl when she is born is presented with at least two exquisite dolls dressed to represent the Emperor and Empress or personages of the Court. When she marries she takes them to her husband's house. Every well-off house has a splendid collection of these figures of the Imperial Court and all the furniture and utensils necessary for banquets, journeys, and ordinary household life. These dolls and dolls' furniture are only brought out at the time of the O Hina Matsuri, the Girls' Festival. A splendid set of the miniature furniture and utensils was shown by his Excellency the Japanese Minister, at the Whitechapel Exhibition.

LADIES OF KIOTO

A CANAL AT OSAKA, THE VENICE OF JAPAN

THE MAIN STREET IN OSAKA, A CITY OF 1,300,000 INHABITANTS

TEA-HOUSE AND FIRE-STATION OBSERVATORY AT SHIMONA-SUWA NEAR LAKE SUWA ON THE NAKASENDO ROAD

THE BENTENDORI, ONE OF THE CHIEF STREETS IN YOKOHAMA, DECORATED WITH LANTERNS, AND SHOWING THE TOWER OF THE TOWNHALL

PAPER CARP AT THE FEAST OF THE BOYS ON THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIFTH MONTH AT YOKOHAMA

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE JAPANESE LIVE

THIS part may be taken to cover the domestic life of the Japanese. The unadulterated native house is entirely different from our notion of a house. Each floor is practically only one room, and most houses only consist of one floor. The operations of cooking, washing, &c., are carried on outside the house, which consists of a framework supporting a very heavy tiled roof. By night the house is surrounded with wooden shutters called *amado*. By day these are taken down and the poor people take down most of their *shoji* also, the *shoji* being the paper shutters which go round the house inside the *amado* and are also slid into grooves in the floor and ceiling to divide the house up into as many rooms as are needed at night, though they are seldom left up during the daytime. This is very necessary in Japan, where married sons and married younger brothers go on living in the house of the head of the family. The rooms are floored either with primrose straw mats or with inlaid and polished boards. The size of the house is reckoned by the number of mats two yards long and a yard wide which go to cover its floor. They are about a couple of inches thick, and very soft and fine. Boot-heels would destroy them directly, but the Japanese, as the late Sir Edwin Arnold so pithily expressed it, does not make a street of his home: he leaves his boots outside the front door as you put your boots outside your bedroom door in a hotel when you go to bed. The *shoji* are panels like our artists use for painting on, but covered with paper instead of canvas, and they generally are painted. Half the pictures of Japan are painted on *shoji*. The process of breaking your house up into bedrooms is a simple one. You slide the *shoji* into their places, spread one quilt for a person to lie on with a little wooden door-scraper pillow for his head and leave another quilt to go over him. The bedroom is then ready unless you wish to have a pipe-stove at your quiltside. The Japanese are light sleepers and always smoke if they cannot sleep. The text "Take up thy bed and walk" is easy to understand when you have seen the Japanese bed. You wash outside. It is the wife's duty in the morning to open the *amado* (outside wooden-shutters); take down the *shoji* which divide the house up into bedrooms, and make her husband his honourable tea. The Japanese does not get up at any particular time. The word breakfast has no meaning to him, nor has the average Japanese

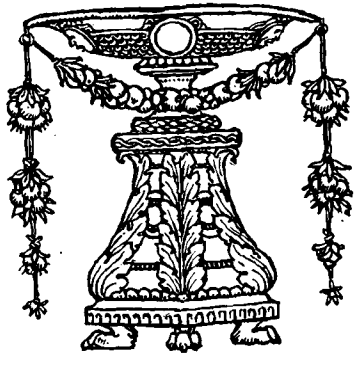
any fixed hour for his other meals. The wife is supposed to make and mend and brush her husband's clothes, and not to let any one perform any personal service for him which she has the physical strength to perform. She does the household shopping and must be glad to do it, for it is about the only outing she gets till she is a mother-in-law, and she, of course, gives the servants their orders. The Japanese servant only requires to be told to do a thing. He is supposed to know how to do it before he is fit to go into service.

As I said in "Queer Things about Japan," there is often no furniture in a Japanese room. And a room which has a flat cushion for each person to squat on, and a *hibachi* for each to warm the fingers at is very well furnished. Much the most important feature in a Japanese household is the private warehouse where the furniture is kept till it is wanted. The Japanese does not leave his furniture about the room; he just brings it in as we do whiskey—when it is required. He sometimes leaves a screen about—not the sort you see at London drapers, but a low paper screen, a couple of feet high, painted by some good artist; and there may be a little low table supporting a choice vase. If he has a hundred or a thousand vases he only brings out one or two at once, and changes them like cut flowers. There are other tables a foot high, used for eating your dinner or drinking your tea, or even for writing a letter. You write with a paint brush, and a foot is not a bad height for a table if your only chair is the floor.

When a Japanese gives a banquet at a tea-house, he generally leaves his wife at home to look after the house. These banquets are the principal extravagance of the Japanese. They will spend an appreciable part of their income on one great entertainment, and the hire of expensive geisha to perform during the meal. The best geisha are generally attached to some tea-house. A Japanese banquet is a very long affair. You eat it on the floor, squatting on your heels if you know how to, or sitting with your back against the wall with your legs out if you are a mere European. Relays of hot *sake* are brought the whole time, and your chopsticks are given to you joined together like the cheap matches of the Continent to show that they have never been used. The food is a matter of acquired tastes. You expect steaming soup in a lacquer bowl to taste of the lacquer; and pickle in custard, potatoes in syrup, plums in brine, are rather crude novelties. Eating live fish, too, though it is no more than quivering with life, makes you feel like a cannibal, and slabs of clarified fat are rather rich. A German might not mind. When you have gorged yourself fairly well, the performances of the geisha begin. They dance without their feet, mere posturings, and sing without voices, mere sparrow's twitter. But they are extremely graceful and restful and exquisitely dressed in old brocades. Each person is waited on by a sweet little *mousmee* who kneels in front of him and watches for his wants; and everything that he does not eat is packed into little white wooden boxes, and put into his *jinriksha* when he drives away. The musical instruments on which the geisha play are generally the *koto*, which looks like a fender stool with strings, the *biwa* which is the shape of a loquat stone; and the *samisen* which is like a Kaffir drum with a long stick coming out from the side for the strings. But there are other instruments. It is much pleasanter to contemplate the Japanese when he is taking his children or *mousmees* or even his wife to a fair at a temple, than when he goes to a tea-house banquet to dissipate. And he enjoys it just as much. The night fairs at temples glowing with innumerable lanterns, and tinkling with *samisen* music, re-echo with happy laughter.

The Japanese child is very well off for games. Some of them, such as a sort of blind man's buff, are like the children's games all over the world. Others, like catching fire-flies and the wonderful ball and counting game are peculiar to Japan, where kite-flying is a passion with boys and men of all ages, and battledore and shuttlecock have a popularity undreamt of elsewhere. The Japanese are addicted to Arcadian pleasures. When you are walking in the country, at every point where there is a beautiful view, you find a tea-house, as you do wherever there is a garden noted for its blossoms like the little wistaria garden at Uji between Kyoto and Nara. Even the Japanese bees are polite. While we were sitting in that very arbour there were hundreds of them flying around who left us quite unmolested. Recently public gardens for the working classes with exquisite surroundings have been opened in some of the large cities. The concluding picture depicts two coolies in their rain-cloaks of straw-thatch carrying a woman in a kago, the hideously uncomfortable Japanese palanquin which is still used by the natives in out-of-the-way places. But as you are compelled to sit in them in the same position which you take up as a corpse in the two-feet-square Japanese coffin, Europeans loathe them, and if they are using a palanquin at all, use the imported Hong Kong chair which is like a light wicker arm-chair carried on the shoulders of coolies.

Limitations of space have forced me to give my Japan in pictures with the brevity and abruptness of a lantern-lecturer. I will conclude with the words he generally uses when he takes out his last slide—Ladies and Gentlemen, that is all.

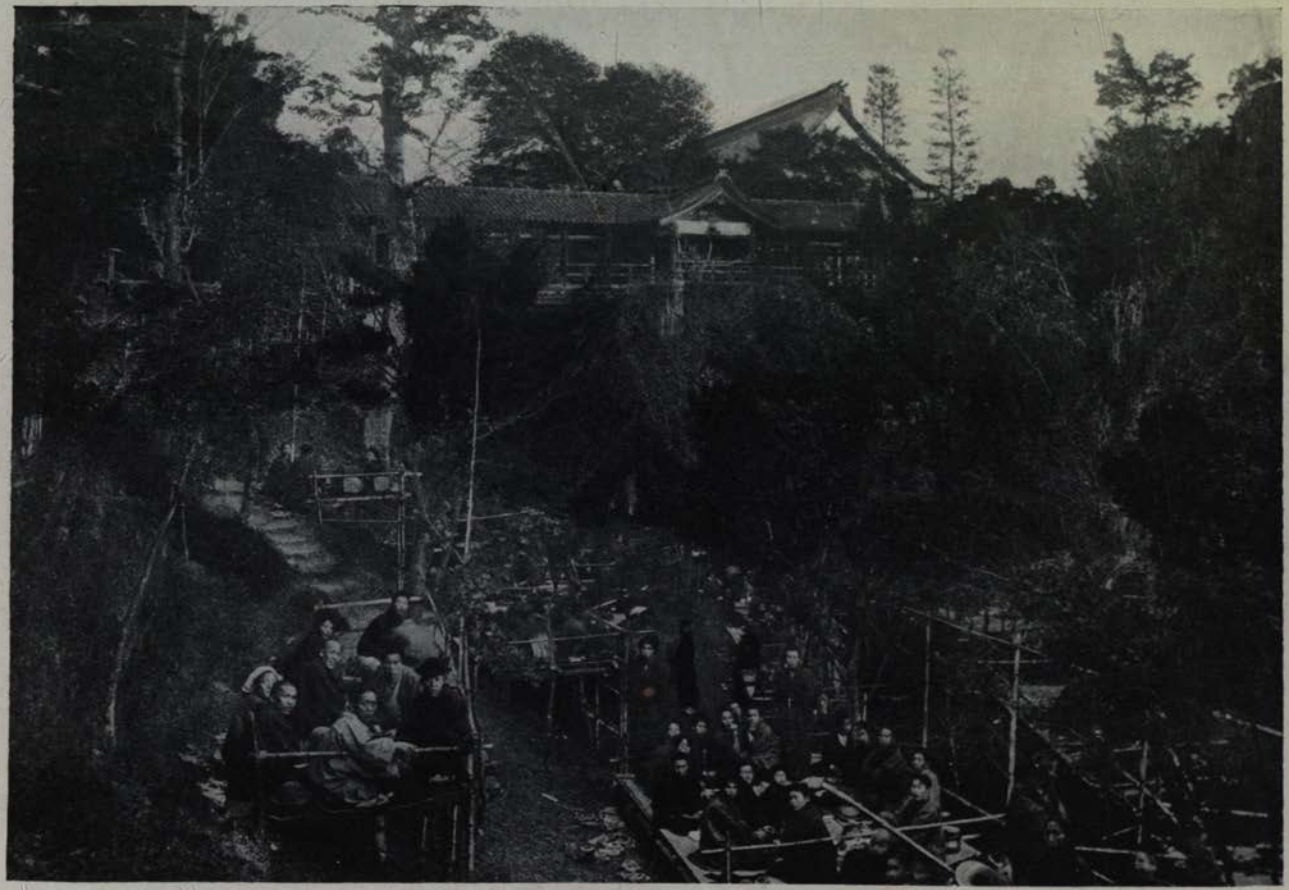


A JAPANESE BED CONSISTING OF QUILTS AND WOODEN DOORSCRAPER PILLOWS

A SILK MERCHANT'S SHOP

BLIND MAN'S BUFF IN JAPAN

A WISTARIA BOWER AT A TEAHOUSE



A JAPANESE PALANQUIN (KAGO) AND STRAW RAIN CLOAKS

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